The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXIII *January* 24, 1941 NUMBER 14

THE WEEK 339
FORUM 341
IN MEMORIAM ERIC GILL *Donald Attwater* 343
AMERICA: LONE WOLF *Philip Burnham* 345
IF THIS IS THE CATACLYSM *(Verse)* *Vivian T. Vogt* 347
GRANGER'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY *C. Edward Wolf* 348
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 349
COMMUNICATIONS 350
THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 351
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 351
EVEN TO CONTEMPT OF GOD *Wilfrid Parsons* 352
MORE BOOKS OF THE WEEK 355
Fame Is the Spur—Noble Fellow—Livingstone—Cardinal Hayes—Fifth Column in America—Matching Youth and Jobs—Walt Disney's Fantasia—The New Testament.
INNER FORUM 358

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00.

Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Road Out of Crisis?

THE FIRESIDE CHAT, the state of the nation annual message, the budget message, and the "all out" Bill, H. R. 1776, constitute the administration's interpretation of world conditions and of the government's proper reaction to them, authorized as winner of the election and representative and leader of the whole people. Although Americans have always been skeptical about precise "mandates" given in national elections which are fought on so many bewildering issues, sub-issues, prejudices and personalities as ours are, few would deny that the American people want (1) National defense for the US, (2) Preservation of American democracy, (3) Aid to Britain, (4) Avoidance of war ("I repeat again that I stand on the platform of our party: 'We will not participate in foreign wars and we will not send our army, naval or air forces to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas except in case of attack.'" The tendencies of these four purposes are partly contradictory, but it must be noted that the politicians during the campaign fostered all four of them, so that there is no mandate for political leaders to grow impatient with the electorate now. It seems more than likely, although not completely inevitable, that these tendencies will grow so contradictory that one or two or three of them will have to be radically subordinated to the others and one or more perhaps abandoned. But the job of deciding the order in which the government shall place national defense, American democracy, aid to Britain and avoidance of war has not been frankly faced by the electorate—far less assigned irretrievably to one man. Congress ought to have a continuing say in balancing, or juggling the four purposes.

What are the more likely effects of the authoritarian, all-out program proposed in the administration bill upon the conditions which gave rise to it? It would bring the US so close to full warfare that it would be unrealistic not to consider it an almost conclusive entry into the war; it would in the long run strengthen the British along their present lines, military, naval and ideological, although if it resulted quickly in American forces fighting "everywhere," it would probably slow down the flow of actual materials of war to the British armed forces at the approaching crucial time; it would put the whole world more completely at the mercy of war and the accidents and decisions of war, which rarely follow what men consider reason. Furthermore, it would mean that the US would keep control and responsibility over a lesser—to an unstated degree—proportion of the weapons the US manufactures.

It would, of course, give greater flexibility to the work of aiding England. How much "flexibility" is necessary to the effort of supplying England has not been clearly illustrated. If it is flexibility only to over-ride recognized international law, Congress should certainly have a voice in the proceedings. But this country would be governed by a more authoritarian government. Indeed, a very much more authoritarian—more exclusively and more intensely executive—government. This would require a very drastic revision of the critical apparatus of exactly the people most unreservedly supporting the concentration of all decision and responsibility in the presidential office. They have led the outcry against all forms of dictatorship and pointed out the dangers inherent in a new caesarism. We find it more difficult than the all-out supporters of this Bill 1776 to make the shift to authoritarianism. We oppose the bill. Perhaps opinion on the bill is influenced by judgment on just what crisis has been the cause of the bill, and what it is that makes leaders truly concerned for democracy advocate this proposed indefinite "consulship." The crisis affecting the content and form of our government does not appear to us a strictly military threat, and we have not just newly observed it. It is the whole social-economic crisis reaching throughout the depression, and, further than that, the cultural crisis with roots deep in a past of unsolved technical, industrial and economic revolution—and roots in the wide apostacy from the religious and other cultural roots of Western civilization. Perhaps we are merely registering an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abstract and futile protest against history. Nevertheless we cannot believe that the executive concentration of national destructive capacity can solve the crisis that troubles our country and the countries America is determined to help.

Little Shops Are Good, Too

AMERICANS having always been mechanically minded, there is probably not a hamlet in the country which cannot boast a machine shop and a mechanic or two capable of working it. Taking such productive capacity into account, it is likely that to estimate the nation's idle manufacturing facilities at 50 percent (suggested by Morris L. Cooke of the Defense Commission) is to minimize them. This was demonstrated by three rural counties in Virginia which recently had gumption enough to survey themselves and found they had 365 machine tools idle 90 percent of the time, as well as plenty of skilled men to operate them.

Idle Plant

The problem, of course, is how to coordinate the work of thousands of such small plants and fit them into a defense program. Obviously to do so is desirable from a human point of view, better than to use only the more easily mobilized mammoth production units like Ford or Bethlehem Steel. Carl Dreher has pointed out how Hitler was confronted with the same problem, and how, despite his preference for the smaller unit, he was forced to deal principally with the larger. The appointment of Joseph L. Trecker to head the civilian end of the machine-man-power mobilization by the War Department indicates that our own government is not unaware of the problem, nor unmoved by criticsms of its buying policies so far. For Mr. Trecker is head of a firm long noted for economical and efficient "sub-contracting" of a large percentage of its business with other manufacturers, small and large, scattered over the country, and for thus avoiding expensive and dangerous overexpansion of its own facilities. The whole defense effort is, of course, an economic shot-in-the-arm, but at least one can hope it will not end in neglecting unused facilities we already have, in expanding at public expense facilities we really don't need, and in entrenching more solidly than ever the octopuses of bigness.

Interstate Migration of Indigents

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE to investigate interstate migration has published a preliminary report on its work and hearings. The problem is the harrowing one that was dramatized by the "Grapes of Wrath," but it is a problem and tragedy far more widespread than only Oklahoma and California, and its afflicts cities as it does the country. The center of interest of the report is the "Summary of Recommendations by Witnesses," and the sections of the summary dealing with rehabilitation rather than stop-gap relief form the most hopeful paragraphs. During the armament drive very likely the most tragic features of the migrants' condition will be taken care of temporarily by defense employment. The underlying problems will remain to be worked upon. There is one significant paragraph which has to be dealt with before much of a policy can be formulated:

Grapes of Wrath

> Rehabilitation keeps people on the land and eliminates migration, but certain authorities feared that this policy also threatened a future of subsistence agriculture for a large minority, or possibly even a majority, of American farmers. Hence, it was contended, over the longer period the work may run counter to the traditional American ideal of a "better future."

The great majority of witnesses were not of this mind. One can be mightily grateful for this: the potentialities of a family-worked, diversified farm, owned securely by the family, and operated, full time in some instances, part time in others, with biological and technological science and art, must be publicized until there is no danger of confusing it with the pitiable picture of peasant degradation and slavery to the earth which exists in the imagination of protagonists of factories in the fields. The Tolan Committee has gathered methods to help establish a more stable régime of family agriculture, "a better future" indeed. Groups private and public, led by the Department of Agriculture, have already initiated practical steps. Let us not lose sight of them in the present rush.

If Thy Enemy Be Hungry

SINCE the late Lord Lothian's statement with regard to feeding the conquered nations of Europe, the British and American governments have acted jointly to permit the sending of some foodstuffs and medical supplies to France and Spain, but the "Five Small Democracies" are in the same sad case as ever, Finland being threatened with acute famine before summer. The Hoover committee meanwhile has been adding distinguished Americans to its membership—people many of whom are totably anti-nazi.

Give Him to Eat

But names in themselves are not sufficient arguments. Ralph (*PM*) Ingersoll says: "Everyone is for feeding the children (and the grown-ups) in the countries Hitler has conquered . . ." but he adds that the only way to feed them is "to make Hitler give back what he has taken away. . . ." Unfortunately, that is not the question. It is scarcely in our power—or Britain's either—to make Hitler regurgitate in time to prevent the damage that is being done *now*. We can't arrange

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things so that people will starve only at the opportune moment. Starvation is actual, present, or it is nothing. Its remedy is now or never. As we see it, it would be an act of sincere friendship toward Britain for Americans to urge those who oppose sending food ever to remember what starvation can do to men's hearts and minds, what a harvest such opponents of food for conquered Europe are sowing for the world by their present policy.

The US and the Refugees

THE PUBLICATION of Secretary Hull's December 27 note to the Vichy government refusing to take up at this time the question of admitting more refugees from France touches upon several elements of a complex situation. The failure of the French government to facilitate the release of certain political exiles should not divert attention from the abiding fact that the United States has failed lamentably to meet its obligations toward the oppressed in other lands during the past few years. And in the face of incalculable suffering and dread the nation still insists that quota regulations cannot be liberalized. Mr. Hull further stated that consideration of the refugee question must be postponed, until "such conditions of order and peace will prevail in the world as will warrant a humane and orderly approach to the migration problem by the governments collaborating in mutual confidence and mutual respect. . . ." Individual citizens can accomplish something to succor the refugees through such agencies as those listed in the *New Republic* for January 13. But why in the name of humanity should consideration of the problem on a major scale—the only feasible solution—be deferred until the threats to life and liberty have been so very largely removed for the refugees that will have survived? Conditions of disorder and war as we have at present produce the urgent need for immediate action on a governmental scale.

Barriers Persist

Can You Spare a Dime?

THE ANNUAL "March of Dimes" campaign to secure funds for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is once more under way. Throughout the nation many thousands of volunteer workers will collect the dimes of many millions of individual givers; half of the total sum to remain in the communities, in aid of local research and combative measures, the other half to go to the general foundation. It is safe to say that, among the many appeals which beset us in the course of the year, none even of the worthiest unites the nation in a more spontaneous effort than this. This is in part because almost every community has observed the workings of the scourge which blights so mysteriously and chooses by preference victims from among the young. It is in part also because the malady and the hope in the struggle against it have alike been dramatized in the person of the President. His own suffering and tragedy, his courageous and resolute battle against them, the career of high service he has salvaged from them, have a significance that speaks to all. The President's Birthday Ball which yearly climaxes the fund campaign, is arranged and promoted, of course, as any such affair must be; but for all of that it expresses with unique fitness the response of people everywhere to a personal history and to a general cause which that history symbolizes. This first month of the New Year, the month of the Paralysis Fund drive, begins amid new national anxieties, with overshadowing claims of the most imperative sort. There is special need, then, for all of us to remember and respond to this earlier claim. However we may plan—or fear—that our dollars are to go later, let us send our dimes into a steady procession of help and hope today.

Paralysis Fund Drive

Forum

IT IS true, as C. G. Paulding wrote in "Forum" in THE COMMONWEAL for January 10, that the President has pledged our irrevocable opposition to the ideology of the Axis powers. Most of us are grateful. We are committed now. The future policy of the United States should be settled. But, unfortunately, this is not necessarily true. The President has given us the leadership. He has made it possible for those who realize the implacability of nazism, who understand its evil character and who know that it is antithetical to the American ideal and to Christian principles, to rally around his standard and, perhaps, prevent the war from coming to these shores. At any rate they can once more feel a sense of pride in their own country. They can strive to beat back nazi nihilism without the stultifying restrictions embodied in the psychology of "short of war" and "cash and carry." We can now proceed as a nation to do our duty toward the civilization which we have helped to develop. But the worst thing that the advocates of the President's foreign policy can do is to assume that their battle with the appeasers, isolationists and pacifists is over.

Those who do believe as the President does envisage full aid to Britain regardless of consequences as the only method of saving the world from a return to paganism. But countless other Americans do not. Witness, for instance, Senators Wheeler and Johnson, Verne Marshall and W. R. Davis, Father Coughlin, the *Brooklyn Tablet* and Father Gillis. These and the groups they represent differ greatly among themselves, but they are equally dangerous because they make for delay when speed is imperative; they call for isolation-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism and a negotiated peace when both are beyond the bounds of reason.

New organizations with the avowed purpose of keeping America out of war spring up continually. If this were an ordinary war we would all be back of them. But it is not. The leaders of these organizations are living in a dream world of their own making, a world in which nations still declare war on each other and fight over bits of territory or for control over world resources. They do not understand that the real issue is whether or not by acting swiftly and with complete unity back of strong leadership we can prevent the now relatively isolated revolution from enveloping the whole world and involving us totally. These leaders are dangerous because, if given their own way, they will make America's involvement in war certain—on terms and in the places chosen by the enemy.

A program sponsored by "The American Guard—The White Man's Party" recently appeared, mailed from Boston and accompanied by a printed warning to Congress. This scurrilous sheet attacks the Jews, the Masons and the pro-English as a group. It is anti-Semitic, anti-Negro and calls for the impeachment of President Roosevelt and his entire cabinet. It demands that the white gentiles in America "unite under the Swastica, symbol of American ideals." This goes further than anything that has appeared yet. But the point is that nothing of this sort could appear except for the dividing influence of those leaders mentioned above. The leading editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* said of Senator Wheeler on January 1, 1941: "A man who can seriously parade such unbelievable fantasies (the senator's suggested peace conference) before the American people at this desperate hour in their own and in world history is not a man who is ignorant of facts; he is a man so stubbornly determined not to see, hear or think about facts which are shouting at him from every side that he has ended by simply abolishing them and retiring into a world of dreams." These words can be applied equally to many others and, until they can be made to see the light and cease their attempt to blind the rest to our common danger, the battle for the unity of America under the leadership of the President will not be won.

WILLIAM AGAR.

ONE of the saddest aspects of war is the way it divides good friends. Although we all desire British victory in this instance, how often are we violently torn apart by the strength of opposing convictions on an issue as pressing as that of our country's rightful rôle in a world at war. The extent to which Editors, Contributing Editors and other collaborators differ on this question must be obvious to all readers of THE COMMONWEAL. Generous passions inflamed by the experince or spectacle of war, famine, propaganda, persecution, frightful human suffering seem to make strictly logical argument all but impossible. But the necessity for truth persists. All of us must contribute to the discussion of this paramount issue in the light of our own sincere convictions, even when it causes our friends distress. We are impelled to seek to influence the formulation of national policy according to our best lights. In this spirit and in the hope of getting to the heart of the matter I take issue with two of the arguments advanced elsewhere in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Urgency does not obviate the necessity for honest criticism.

The bulk of William Agar's remarks on American foreign policy build up the impression, it seems to me, that anyone who questions the Administration's present policy is either an appeaser, a pacifist or an isolationist, if not a fascist, a bundist or an American Stalinist. With a very few exceptions the names and organizations cited by Mr. Agar as the opposition can lead to no other possible conclusion. I am still deeply convinced that appeasement or interventionism is a false dilemma. The affixing of all or any of the labels listed above cannot obliterate the fact that there are many thoughtful, patriotic, internationally-minded Americans, willing to undertake the greatest personal sacrifices to defend and develop a civilized way of life, who, at the same time, are deeply convinced that the spread of the war to the United States would be disastrous for the country, for Europe and for the world. And most Americans want Britain to win without the United States going to war with all its resources and its men. Ignoring such people or letting their views be oversimplified provides no real solution for our differences. This is still a political democracy, and popular sentiments have a right to be heard.

More fundamental is the question raised by the conclusion of Michael Williams's "Views and Reviews" in this issue. His contentions reach a climax in his final assertion that "the sword, when held in honest, well-intentioned hands, is only second to the Cross in its usefulness." The normal interpretation of such a remark is that violence is the primary natural (as opposed to supernatural) means of striving for Christian civilization. Against such a theory the history of all civilizations bears witness. How say that arms have proved more useful than such instruments as schools, libraries, hospitals, laboratories, the organization of production and exchange, guilds, farm organizations, the development of law? How square such a theory with the Christian principle that resort to the sword is a *last* resort? In the nature of things the soldier—whatever his utility—cannot be second only to the priest as the bearer of the good tidings of man's Redemption.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Memoriam: Eric Gill

† November 17, 1940

By **Donald Attwater**

IT IS POSSIBLE that before these lines are in print the public will be able to read Eric Gill's own account of his life, for three months before he died he completed an autobiography, of which more below, now in the publisher's hands. Here I simply aim at emphasizing, from intimate personal observation over many years, a few points, some of which will not be set down in that autobiography—though the attentive reader will be able to divine them.

The exterior achievements of Gill's career are duly recorded in obituary notices, books of reference and so forth. From them we can learn coldly of his many-sidedness. He was, first and foremost in the eyes of most, a sculptor—"stone-carver" was the description he preferred; a letterer, first in stone, then on paper for reproduction as printing types; a wood-engraver; in odd moments and as an amusement, a fine draughtsman, especially of the human face and shape; a designer of buildings (unhappily only a very few); and, incidental to all these things but closely associated with their implications, a writer.

That he was no mere dabbler in any activity his public works demonstrate: there are the stations of the cross in Westminster cathedral which first made him known (a subsequent set carved for Monsignor John O'Connor's church at Bradford is even better), the Leeds University war memorial and panels for the League of Nations building at Geneva,' the decorations he engraved for books of the Golden Cockerel Press and other publications,' the series of fine type faces designed for the Monotype Corporation, such books as "Art Nonsense," "Beauty Looks After Herself," "The Necessity of Belief." There are also the recognitions accorded to his work by public bodies, of which some even of his friends were ignorant, for he rarely referred to them, characteristically regarding them simply as manifestations of the uncritical kindness of the bodies concerned. Thus he was made an associate of the Royal Academy and one of the original recipients of the new and exclusive designer-for-industry honor (R.D.I.); the Royal Institute of British Architects elected him an honorary member, and the University of Edinburgh honored itself and him by conferring the degree of LL.D., *honoris causa*.

This "successful man" had had no privileges of influence, wealth or education; he went to no college or university. More significant still, his technical training was of the slightest—brief periods at a provincial art-school and in an architect's drawing office. I believe I am right in saying that his stone-carving and wood-engraving were entirely self-taught; certainly he had no use for the academic training of the schools. But his expressions of gratitude to and admiration for the man who taught him the elements of lettering (Edward Johnston) were frequent and warm. He seemed rather to pride himself on his ignorance of anatomy (which I think he exaggerated): once when I was going through his workshop, where he was carving a crucifix, he called me to him and pulled up my trousers leg: "All right. Thank you," he said, "I only wanted to see what a knee looks like."

"Workman" was one of the most sacred words in Gill's vocabulary. He regarded himself, first, last, and all the time, as a workman—and so he was; but he attached no narrow meaning to the word and its derivatives, as did those English Catholics who were rattled by his advocacy of workers' ownership of the means of production: if the director of a corporation really works for that corporation, then *he* is a worker too. Gill's philosophy of work and his unambiguous and uncompromising Christianity are the keys to his character, to his works, and to his convictions, and the interdependence of each of those on one another was one of the most notable things about him. "As one is one does" was a truth often on his lips; he was eminently a "whole man," and he loved to point out the etymological connection between the words "whole" and "holy."

With advancing years (but he was not yet fifty-nine when he died) Gill gave more and more attention to the problem of man in society, the question both social and religious of how individuals can lead a whole, and therefore at least potentially holy, life on this earth. He was always a most strenuous worker, but latterly screwed out ever more time for books, articles and lectures directly or indirectly concerned with this theme. He was no more of a preacher or moralist than any articulate Christian is bound to be: but he had hammered out and tested by practice certain principles, and these he put forward tirelessly for consideration and debate. But he hated to appear to be taking over an office of the clergy and for that reason (as well as for the sake of first prin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciples and those who do not accept Christianity) he would appeal to the divine gift of natural reason as often as, or more often than, to revelation. There were some who thought him "idealistic" and *simpliste* in his social ideas; he was not. He never, for example, advocated as a cure-all for human ills the abolition of machinery or wholesale back-to-the-landery or any political panacea or religion simply as a profession. Nor did he allow his criticism of mass-production to involve him in the error that "one cannot be a good Christian in a factory." His point was that factory life (in common with some other occupations) presents certain special hindrances to the ordinary man who is trying to be an integral Christian. In his emphasis on the corporate aspect of Christianity Gill never forgot that true religion is no less a personal thing, which can overcome all external difficulties.

Gill had a strong glowing faith, but it was not the faith of a child or of the proverbial Breton peasant—because he was not a child or a Breton peasant. His was the faith of a man of more than common fineness of spirit and intellectual ability, and he had put away childish things. But his understanding of what are and what are not childish things differed greatly from that of the more complacent or unimaginative who quote Saint Paul on that head—with the result that he was childlike in the sense of our Lord's admonition. "Play" was another of his sacred words, and he loved to think of children—and grown-ups—playing before their Father in the streets of the Heavenly Jerusalem. But he would tolerate no prettifying of, or toying with the majestic mysteries of the Christian faith and life: in his "Secular and Sacred" can be read a manly and adult application of the "little way" of Saint Teresa of Lisieux, and a book about the same saint, published in America, provoked him to a blistering review that was probably as near vituperation as he ever got.

It is sometimes said by those who did not know him personally, that Gill was intolerant, dogmatic (in the vulgar sense) and contemptuous of those who disagreed with him: the London *Times* attributed to him a "rich flow of invective." It is easy to see how hasty readers formed this misconception: as he often admitted, his manner of writing could give an impression of cocksureness, of laying down the law. But it was a laughably wrong impression; for not the least remarkable thing about Gill was his humility and a diffidence that was sometimes staggering. While never deferring to a view, by whomsoever expressed, unless and until he came to agree with it, he would ask and listen to the opinion of all and sundry on whatever topic turned up, even on technical matters of his own work. I have seen him bring a handful of engraving proofs in to the evening meal and ask for the criticism of all present—his family, visitors, servants; and behold, next morning, some of the suggestions of those inexpert critics were carried out. This humbleness of mind is well illustrated by the following passage from a letter written by him last August:

> I've been in bed off and on since April 15 and never anything very serious. . . . Old age coming on I guess. Anyway it gave me time and opportunity to write book for Cape as ordered—100,000 words about my so-called "life." He asked for an autobiography but I told him it couldn't be done: it would have to be an "autopsychography," and that's what it is. . . . Really it amounts to "a search for the City of God," but of course I can't give it a fine title like that. . . . It feels to me as though I ought really to die now. I don't know how I shall be able to face the world after stripping myself more or less naked as I have done.

Just as he referred to reason more than to revelation, so he would appeal to justice rather than to charity—charity he lived, his passion for justice was a fruit of his intense lovingness, and in more intimate private talk he would speak of God and of love more often than either of justice or reason. He was always scrupulous to try to avoid making moral judgments of persons, but his intellectual judgments were downright. ("We are told not to cast pearls before swine," he said, "And to adjudge persons swine in this sense, necessitates making an intellectual judgment of them.") Nevertheless these were usually expressed temperately—*fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*—and in a friendly way. I do not recollect ever hearing him utter a word intended to wound, and time and again I have watched him trying to find a worthy explanation of someone's apparently indefensible action, or gently changing the conversation when another's character or deeds were coming in for rough handling. Two or three years ago he and I were invited to speak in support of the war-resisters' candidate for the lord-rectorship of Glasgow University. The audience was extremely disorderly and Gill (who had a poor delivery) was hardly heard: I, by hardening my heart and being rude, forced some sort of hearing. "The difference between the two speakers," commented a Presbyterian minister afterwards, "was that Gill was forgiving those hooligans all the time, whereas Attwater did not forgive them till he had finished." Very characteristic of Gill; so, too, was his bewilderment that intelligent young people (he was extremely sympathetic toward the young, but without a trace of the "Youth" Ramp) could come to a serious meeting only in order to make a din.

He was, I think, sweet-tempered by nature—certainly I saw him lose it only once or twice, and then he exploded violently for but a split second; but good temper is not the same thing as patience, and a man of Gill's quick-wittedness and common sense suffers from numerous trials: I suspect that he waged a lifelong war against giving way to impatience. Well, if he did, he was victorious: gentleness, sweetness, candor, sincerity were the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marks of Gill in his relationships with others, salted with a lively wit and playful humor. And nobody ever had less of that bogus thing called "the artistic temperament": to illustrate this by one trait—he was orderly in his habits, most attentive to detail, tidy and methodical to the verge of pernicketyness. He regarded the work-bench as the altar of which the workman is priest, and it must be tended with equal care and decency.

With, I believe, very little conscious missionary purpose, Gill expounded Catholic principles and practice in places where they would otherwise hardly, or never, have been heard. He accepted invitations to speak or write, on this or that aspect of work and art or on social problems or on peace and war (he did not believe that spiritual and moral good could be attained by violence and destruction of human life, in however good a cause) indifferently for Catholics and Quakers, capitalists and communists, official bodies and obscure groups. Whatever his subject, his starting-point was always natural reason, man, perfected by divine revelation, Christ, and he neither minimized the Church's teaching nor attacked controversially his hearers' views. This willingness to consort with "publicans and sinners, Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics" was sometimes made a matter of complaint against Gill, but he could hardly bring himself to believe that Christians brought such a complaint seriously: he went among them as his fellow men and fellow heirs of Christ's redemption; he was there simply to bear witness to the truth, and to his own inferences from the truth. As for politics, he had none: he disliked all labels, but political party or "ideological" labels he absolutely repudiated. I do not remember ever hearing him of his own initiative advert to the concepts "democracy," "dictatorship" and the like.

I hope I shall not be accused of the partiality of a friend when I declare my conviction that Eric Gill was one of the few great men known to our time: not simply great at this or that, but a great *man*. If a friend runs the risk of making a biased judgment, nevertheless he has the advantage of an intimate view of his subject, not seeing it only from afar or in his external works. What I have written here may seem to be overmuch panegyric. So be it. I have simply noted down, without fear or favor or selection, a few things which the memory of Eric will ever bring first to my mind, and always in the setting of his own beloved home and family. A portrait is not possible: as Gilbert Chesterton wrote of his dead brother, "As a friend he is too near me, and as a hero too far away."

Gill never visited the United States. In the summer of 1939 we talked a lot together of an invitation he had received to lecture there, which he was very anxious to do. The war prevented it. It is a pity, for Eric Gill and America would have got on well together.

America: Lone Wolf

By **Philip Burnham**

ARGUMENTS about foreign policy come so thick and fast that it would take a Saint Thomas Aquinas plus the International Business Machines Company to tabulate and synthesize them. Some of the labels last longer, and one of the most persistent is "isolationist." This tag is pinned on people, groups and policies, however, without much more regard for total effect than children at a party have when they blindfold each other, spin around until dizzy and then weave across a room to pin the tail on the donkey.

Isolationism is, indeed, a typically bad *ism*. Conversation about it easily gets out of hand, as it does with all *isms*, but it can be, and has been, authoritatively condemned from the selfish national viewpoint and from that of international order, responsibility and justice. Isolation, that is, which means an America bent on pursuing her own selfish internal interest, quick to resent any foreign claim on her time, interest or activity, determined exclusively to make more unassailable her physical "standard of living," and adamant against bothering to share her blessings with peoples abroad and against letting people come from abroad to enjoy those blessings here. This would be, in short, the isolation of the dog in the manger, or of the uncivilized lone wolf. Right now the principal vocalized attack on American isolation is on the basis of a not-far-from-Machiavellian national self-interest: avowedly military policy. Although this claims to be the most "realistic" attack of all, it appears, upon consideration, to weaken the whole case against the culprit.

We are told that if England falls, the United States will be alone in the world—isolated against her will, a country without a friend, the next prey of a united and unified pack of dictators who will control Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. In the same breath we are told these things: that the dominance of Hitler is one of terror and fear; that the subservient countries hate the nazi yoke; that the whole totalitarian "New Order" is a creation,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or threat, of force which overrides the claims of justice and natural law and the proper development of peoples; that the very essence of nazism is the exploitation of other people and the degrading of the living standards and spiritual condition of everyone except the gang of "Aryan" master Germans. We are told explicitly that even if the homeland of England falls, the British Empire will never surrender itself nor its navy, but will continue to rally the loyal Empire and fight as a continuing mighty entity from across the oceans.

These descriptions of our possible isolation on the one hand, and of the character of the war on the other are contradictory. If you are going to argue along this "practical," "realistic," "realpolitik" line, you ought to take a choice. If the nazi régime and if Britain's purpose are the way they are here pictured, then America will have as allies all the dominated and threatened countries of Europe and the world. The deadliness taken from them by being conquered and patrolled by the German military machine will be compensated for by their existence inside the German lines. They will be enemies of Hitler, our own fifth columnists behind the nazi lines, a population requiring immense police forces and ever ready for revolt. Secondly, Hitler, in overriding natural law and justice and the proper evolution of history and the proper living of men's lives, must constantly fight the normal inclination of men and of their affairs: nature will be our ally. Thirdly, if the United States feels so confident about the resolution of the British never to surrender their fleet nor to give up the struggle against nazism nor to make a deal with it that we are eager to give into their charge this nation's weapons of defense, then surely we can count upon, in the most tragic case, an exiled English government and a full imperial government of dominions, colonies and India as allies—outside the nazi dominance until every scattered acre of the Empire is conquered, and after that, inside all the vast territory of the Empire which Hitler would then precariously rule against the will of the inhabitants.

Finally, what about Latin America and the rest of the world? Do we or don't we feel that the Latin American Republics are the friends and coworkers which we constantly say they are? And what of everything in the world which is not under either Germany or Japan or Italy? Is the US so poisonous it can have no friends, while Germany is so attractive it can have the whole world? What, particularly, about Russia? It is notable that in the list of countries having met a ruthless fate by force which the President put in his fireside talk last month, there was no mention of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, nor of the Russian side of Poland nor of Bessarabia. This must mean either that the government does not consider Russia's aggression to have been of the bad sort; or else that the government still hopes to make of Russia (or did then) an ally against German dominance; or finally, that Russia is part of the Axis sway but either dissatisfied totally or at least with dissatisfied interior areas, which would be our allies within the very camp of our opponents. It would be genuinely difficult not to suppose that the government, along with the British government, are playing a strictly "national" interest game with Russia, overlooking features of Russia's régime and practices which in the case of Germany are rightly and quite frankly stressed. The policy of holding to the possibility of taking Russia into the anti-German camp, however optimistic one might judge it, would still constitute an argument against the imposed isolation for the United States in case of England's fall. The government seems to uphold both contradictory contentions at once, i.e., Russia is or can be made a useful enemy of Germany; the US would be utterly isolated if England fell.

To throw over the principles and policies of isolationism out of fright would be to do it under the worst of auspices. From the angle of the "cold egoism" of national power there will always be a genuine question about the tactical wisdom of allying here and allying there, or playing a lone hand here and a lone hand there. Policy would be floating around on the shallowest of political casuistry. In the game of balance of power it is always a close decision whether it is better to have the nation at one end of the balance or at the other end, or alone sitting on the fulcrum. Under certain conditions it might be perfectly reasonable to enter international obligations solely to keep the United States from fighting alone in wars of national interest, but at the present time that school of reasoning is being overstressed, and is being taught in contradictory fashion and without a convincingly full examination of the most likely implications and consequences. Isolationism ought to be put away because it carries on the bankrupt, warbreeding and short-sighted politics inherent in the system of excessive nationalism and unlimited sovereignty, and because it is morally bad. The world order cannot be very just and successful with the whole United States and its neighborhood out of it, and the United States can't flourish economically or culturally behind blind walls. Whatever material advantages the US can get for a time out of playing the lone wolf would be more than undone by the instability of the world in which the US would have to live.

The present Pope has condemned excessive nationalism and commended international or supranational consciousness and organization on many occasions. In his first encyclical, "Summi Pontificatus," Pope Pius XII said: ". . . The human race is bound together by reciprocal ties, moral and juridical, into a great commonwealth directed to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the good of all nations and ruled by special laws which protect its unity and promote its prosperity."

In his Christmas message a year ago, the third of the five "points of a just and honorable peace" was this:

> In any reordering of international community life it would conform to the rules of human wisdom for all parties concerned to examine the consequences of the gaps and deficiencies of the past; and in creating or reconstituting the international institutions, which have so lofty a mission and at the same time one that is so difficult and full of the gravest responsibilities, they should keep present before them the experiences which poured from the inefficacy or defective operation of similar previous projects. . . . The establishment of juridical institutions, which serve to guarantee the loyal and faithful fulfilment of terms and, in case of recognized need, to revise and correct them, is of decisive importance for an honorable acceptance of a peace treaty and to avoid arbitrary and unilateral ruptures and interpretations of the terms of these treaties.

Historically and logically, the opposite of isolationism is not war. Going to war, although that is a very tangible international act indeed, need not have as a net result the defeat of isolationism—one fact which this nation ought certainly know, especially after the League of Nations fight which followed the World War. Nothing can more completely isolate one country from another than becoming its military enemy. The falling out of allies after a war is a repeated historical happening. A revulsion to extreme isolation after a war experience of imposed international activity is typical. The present Pope has also shown on many occasions that creative reorganization is impeded and delayed by war. At Christmas time this winter His Holiness said: "As long as the rumble of armaments continues in the stark reality of this war, it is scarcely possible to expect any definite acts in the direction of the restoration of morally, juridically imprescribable rights." This sad wait for the opportune moment is a constant theme in the papal messages of the last year and a half, and certainly makes us eager for that moment to come, and eager not to delay it, nor to put ourselves in a position not to see it when it shall come.

But failing an all out peace settlement by a desirable multilateral action which the US cannot now command, there are still some breaches in isolationism which this country could undoubtedly make on its own initiative. Such actions would be far short of the objective of effective international juridical and executive institutions: "the dream—" as the Holy Father wrote about a year ago, "not yet effectuated—of common force in defense of right and human liberty, of the independence of peoples, of peaceful equity in their reciprocal relations." If Americans thought more in terms of what this country, on its own responsibility, could do to overcome the chilling limitations of excessive nationalistic isolationism, certain steps which are practicable and prudent might be sifted out before the day of universal peace and order—they might speed the day. Such steps could conceivably be taken in any number of fields, and suggestions can already be gathered from a very large scale literature which is not utopian. In a following article a few of them will be mentioned, seeking possibilities in the fields of the tariff and trade intercourse, immigration and refugee regulations, the governance of naval bases and other interests in Pan-America, the general circulation of people, ideas and culture between our country and others, the reasonable alignment of our material standard of living with that of our neighbors. The Pope's exhortation to "triumph over those germs of conflict which consist in two-sided differences in the field of world economy; hence progressive action, balanced by correspondent degrees, to arrive at arrangements which would give to every state the medium necessary for insuring the proper standard of living for its own citizens of every rank" will be kept in mind as a responsibility for a powerful and rich and unterrified nation, war or no war.

If This Is the Cataclysm

If this is the cataclysm, and England and France
And all the other names starred in our civilization
Fall
And there is darkness and the End of an Era;

If the guns forage wider and wider
Until no rock stands unscarred
And all ways end in ruined masonry;
If war no longer pounds through the blood
But lies in the heart, familiar as coffee;

Even if the monuments are bombed or rusted or lost,
The books burned, the spiritual height abandoned
The institutions shelled under
And the very ocean clogged with bodies of soldiers
And at last there is no one who remembers the name of
the beast
That ravaged the world—

Even if the field is barren, and the sky
barren at last of bombs as of birds
Only light remains and the crash of green on the headlands—

Still the chilled hand will clutch the ragged coat
with its pocketful of seeds,
Shield the fire from the wind and make provision for
the child.

Rome fell, and Babylonia,
On Solomon's grave the poppies grow:
Like pepper to the eyes is this imminent ruin to our age.

We grieve, but let the grieving be short
Make the hand skilful, the body strong,
Keep the leaven of memory to insinuate form into the
untried bitter prospect.

VIVIAN T. VOGT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Granger's Fifth Birthday

By C. Edward Wolf

On December 15, 1935, the first of 50 families who had been living under lamentable conditions in a dilapidated mining camp moved into its new home on a 225-acre federal resettlement project at Granger, Iowa, not far from the city of Des Moines. Each home was erected on from 3 to 8 acres of rich, black Iowa farm land which the government had purchased for the project on the instance of Father Luigi Ligutti. The homesteaders, many of whom are employed half-time in the nearby coal mine, contracted to pay back the government over the course of 30 years—or earlier if they were willing to pay more than the normal rate—the normal over-all monthly charge per family runs from $13.50 to $15. Under the guidance of Monsignor Ligutti, his assistant, Father Gorman, and instructors from Iowa State College, the members of the Granger community have had remarkable success raising their own food and feed; the average for 1939 was over $300 worth per family. Five years ago the homesteaders had one cow; today they have 36. The number of pigs at Granger has increased from 2 to 195. Some 20,000 quarts of fruits and vegetables grown on these small acreages have been put up for home use, while another 20,000 have been prepared for sale by the Granger cooperative cannery. The total government expenditure for the project was $200,000. In the past five years there has been less than 5 percent delinquency in homesteaders' monthly payments and $40,000 of the original sum has already been paid back to the government.—THE EDITORS.

EVERY fifteenth of December since the Homestead was established, Monsignor Ligutti has invited the homesteaders and a few close friends to celebrate the birthday of the project with him. He is its founder and its father, and, like a fond parent, he plays the host and lights the candles on the birthday cake. This year there were five of them.

At the "birthday party" I saw and heard evidences of what the homesteads have accomplished. At my right and across the table sat those people who live on the homesteads—well-dressed, well-mannered and tremendously human. Most of the food on the table was produced and processed by the homesteaders. There was meat and butter, cream and vegetables. On the head table in front of the toastmaster was a beautiful five-branch candlestick made in the school workshop from native walnut. Mounted in it were five pure beeswax candles made from wax contributed by the individual families on the homestead.

As the "party" went on, several of the homesteaders were given an opportunity to tell what had been accomplished along the lines of cooperative effort. One of them told of the credit union and of how it had enabled thirty-five families to buy cows to produce their own milk and cream; of the cooperative cannery which last year processed twenty thousand cans of surplus vegetables for the cash market; of the machinery co-op which makes it possible for the individual family to have those benefits of mechanization which would otherwise be too expensive.

Looking into the faces of those men and women who live on the homesteads, I was possessed with a desire to participate in their feelings as they thought back to the day when, almost by an act of God, they were lifted from their state of want and insecurity.

Being an outsider, I could only know from being told what were the hopes and the disquieting fears of Monsignor Ligutti when, almost to a day seven years before, he took the original petitions to the village postoffice and insured them for mailing to the government officials. Nor could I know any more about his anxiety during the two years intervening between the mailing of those petitions and the day when the first family moved onto the Homestead.

But I felt a stranger most of all when I attempted to imagine what was going on within the hearts of those people when they remembered back five years to the day when they moved into their new homes. I wanted particularly to know what was in the hearts of the members of the first family as they remembered back five years to December fifteenth, 1935.

It was Gaudete Sunday.

That very afternoon, Sesto Fiori moved in with his family of ten children. They had partially moved on the preceding day, but the house couldn't be occupied until there was electricity to pump water and stoke the furnace.

Fiori had never lived in a house like that before. He had always lived in the ancient, ill-repaired, unpainted houses at one or the other mining camp. Those houses rented for ten dollars a month; this one was only seventeen and someday it would be paid for.

Before coming to the Homestead, Fiori spent his winters working in the coal mines. Every sum-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mer he went on relief. He was never able to make more than five hundred dollars a year and that was spent before it was even made. Sometimes the younger children were ashamed to go to school on weekdays and to Mass on Sunday because their clothes weren't fit. As soon as the boys were big enough they quit school and went to work in the mines with their father. In spite of their industry and their stinting, the Fioris still had to ask for relief during the slack period in summer.

Fiori hated relief—he, an able-bodied man, felt it was asking for charity. And he dreaded thinking of the hopeless future—of the day when he'd be too old to work in the mines. Then he'd be on relief the year round.

Nor was Fiori's problem simply a matter of making enough to feed and clothe his children, for there was also the spiritual welfare of his children to think about. Mining camps aren't always very conducive to upright living; extreme poverty and vice seem to go hand in hand. The fear that his children might eventually be led astray kept hounding Fiori, and he was continually on the move trying to keep his family as remote as possible from the evil influences of the mining camps.

But now Sesto Fiori could entertain a different outlook on life. He would continue to work winters in the mine, but he wouldn't need relief in the summer. During that time when there wasn't much doing in the mine he'd raise a big garden and have vegetables to put away for the winter. He'd have a cow and three or four pigs and produce his own milk and pork. He wouldn't have to buy those things and his five or six hundred dollars would last all year.

It was the comparative elegance of the new house, however, which occupied the Fioris' first attentions. The younger children were running about inspecting, trying out, calling each other's attention to everything. One of them was elated over being able to get both hot and cold water out of the same spigot, while another entertained herself by scrambling up and down the stairs on all fours.

Little Matthew was the cold-blooded one. He stood over the furnace register moving his arms up and down, lifting up his coat, toasting himself. He even offered to share his pleasure with Father Ligutti with the invitation, "Come on over, Father, and see how good it feels."

Mrs. Fiori, in true homemaker fashion, was most attracted by the newly finished floors. She kept feeling them and admiring their shining surfaces. Eyes brimming with tears, she told Father Ligutti, "I never had a house with shiny floors before."

But the father of the family seemed the biggest child of them all. He stood at the door and kept flicking the lights, first on and then off. Of course, he had seen electric lights and switches before in other places, but he never went into such places except with his hat removed and usually to ask a favor—the "favor" of a job deep down in the dust and danger of a coal mine. His simple intelligence reminded him on those occasions that those things weren't there for him. They weren't his—none of them.

But now, for the first time, it was different. The little acreage surrounding the house, every corner of it, was his, and the house itself, its halls, its windows, even that electric light switch, he was their master. Thus he was exulting not so much in the pleasure of clicking the switch and flicking the lights as in the joy of a free man using that which was his own. Tears welled in his eyes and crept down his cheeks and washed from them every trace of coal dust that might have been there from the mine. Perhaps he didn't remember, but it was Gaudete Sunday.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS A PRELUDE to what follows, and because only in this column may I hope to be read by those for whom this note is chiefly intended, may I say that those readers who are "offended" or "alarmed" or "shocked" or "outraged" in their deepest convictions as citizens and as Catholics, as they say they are, by certain of my pro-war views expressed in this place, must, hereafter, sign their names to their insulting or usually semi-illiterate missives if they expect a busy man to give them any attention. They tell me their views in anonymous letters—the device chiefly of cowards or blackmailers, or both. When they sign their names and give their addresses, I of course answer such letters as are not obviously the products of disordered or patently fantastic minds; but I have too much to do in ordinary paths of duty to give any further time or notice to the cowardly "American Catholic Citizens" or "Real American Catholics" who disprove their right to such self-praise, or to being considered honest people, by stooping to the tactics of kidnappers, blackmailers, poison-pen neurotics, and ordinary nazi professional agents—all of whom consider anonymity as their safest, as I think it to be their most appropriate, environment.

LET US turn our attention to Christians with courage, with characteristic Christian lucidity, frankness and intellectual powers equal to the expression of their Christian faith, hope and charity. I refer to Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr and his colleagues of the Protestant non-pacifist, pro-England and England's Allies, group, who are bringing out a new publication, a bi-weekly review, called *Christianity and Crisis,* which will begin to appear on February 7.

It will be the only non-pacifist, interdenominational paper in the United States. So it was described by Dr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neibuhr, in a newspaper interview, with characteristic modesty and realism of mind. But such a description of the new review, taken by itself, might seriously undervalue the forces which will be capably expressed in the few but packed pages of *Christianity and Crisis*: which is a swell title; telling in three words what many words will be needed fully to unfold. Yet the three words remain a true thesis in themselves. For the new group are sound scholars, some are brilliant writers as well, and all are men who know, as Neibuhr knows so deeply, that Christianity in its essence can never be Laodicean except at the cost of mortal peril to those Christian souls infected with Laodicea's desire for comfort, its longing to be at ease in physical (and financial) security in a steam-heated and air-conditioned Zion from which nasty affairs like wars and revolutions and the cries of the working men and women appealing to the Judge of Justice against those who defraud them, or cheerfully ignore their just claims for their living wage for carrying the world of thinkers and artists and clergymen and statesmen on their bowed and undernourished (and often whip-lashed) shoulders.

Dr. Neibuhr; Dr. Harold W. Dodd; Dr. Frank Porter Graham; Sherwood Eddy; Bishop Holt of fighting Texas; Dr. Ladd of New Haven, where, around Yale University and Saint Thomas More Hall and the Berkeley Divinity School, mighty Christian forces are polarizing (consider, for example, the unprecedented demonstration of such positive forces in the reception recently given by the President, many of the faculty and a large part of the undergraduate body at Yale to Jacques Maritain's course of lectures) are some of the many leaders. But there are so many other names to be mentioned, that I'll not do so. THE COMMONWEAL'S readers are not impressed by catalogues of supposedly important names. It is the work of the souls and the minds and the characters of the men and women behind the names that really counts. Too long, far too long, has our democratic society meekly bowed down to the high priests of publicity and public relations, and up-to-date efficiency, in the necessary business of giving the masses of our people some at least of the stored-up thought and aspirations of the men considered to be leaders of public opinion.

The wizards of word-magic have believed that the names of the men in the stuffed shirts and false fronts of political and business and pseudo-scientific circles were the only ones that would win the respect (and the votes or the money or the signatures) of the public. But Neibuhr and Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin and Dr. Henry Atkinson and many other practical Christians know that nonsense for the silly delusion it has been proved many times to be—notably, in the political field, in our last election, when the soul of the people spoke without paying attention to the experts in publicity and advertising and general hocus-pocus.

So will their souls respond, I am sure, to the message of *Christianity and Crisis*. Once the really high and pure heights of the human mind are held and guarded (as by the troopers of Saint Michael) by Christian fighting souls, such as have always held and guarded (and will for ever) the sacred Chair of Saint Peter, the false gods and godlets served by such ignorant or distorted souls and minds as Adolf, the high priest of Hitlerism, and me-too Benito Mussolini, and Stalin, whose steel is lath painted with synthetic scientific dye not even correctly concocted, and already decaying, will crash. And down also will tumble the gods and goddikins too long set up in certain of our universities and pulpits; pathetic (though poisonous) pacifism; science cut away from its true roots in the mysteries of supernature; and a whole host of little, knock-kneed, tummy-swollen yet anemic idols, of God-less art and letters, and phantom philosophies. What Henri Bergson at last reached may never, in this life, be reached by all searchers after the truth and the reality of God; but the noble seekers led by Neibuhr and his colleagues are already members of the soul of the Catholic Church. One of their first jobs, which they may be trusted to do thoroughly, is to prove what Catholics know but what many Protestant Christians find it hard to understand, that the sword, when held in honest, well-intentioned hands, is only second to the Cross in its usefulness.

Communications

ENGLISH CATHOLIC "FASCISTS"

Worcester, Mass.

TO the Editors: It is surely not every week that THE COMMONWEAL prints an article so timely, searching, cogent and far-reaching in its implications as that by Mr. Donald Attwater, the well-known English authority on Eastern churches, on Catholic "Fascists" in his own country, now desperately at war with Hitler's Germany (January 10). Here in these States, we are bound to learn more and more about these people as time goes on, both in our "leftist" press, and in our Catholic one; and hence Mr. Attwater's paper, which is neither attack nor defence, but a simple exposition, bids fair to be an historic document.

Many of us here have long known what Mr. Attwater has just stated for the first time in our press: namely, that there exists, in France and England at least, a fairly homogenous group of Catholic publicists which is strikingly sympathetic to certain features of the totalitarian régime. Since it might be unfair to call them plain fascist, both THE COMMONWEAL and Mr. Attwater himself have placed the word in inverted commas, and the latter has fallen back on the term *latinophile* to describe them, placing his finger unerringly on their chief philosophic error, or "heresy." This consists in identifying a Mediterranean cplture, which is local, with the Catholic Church, which is universal. And, as usually happens, a primary error has generated several secondary ones, including what Mr. Attwater terms "an excessive, not to say sentimental, regard for the profession of arms," for war in a word, hard to distinguish from Prussianism, and a state of mind regarding the Jews hard to distinguish from the most sordid anti-Semitism. "There is no need to point out," Mr. Attwater writes, "where admiration of armed force and hatred of Jews most flourish today."

There is no need to point out, either, should we be at war in the near future, the suspicion of the Church that will arise as a result of the noisy activities of the group Mr. Attwater has described. Mr. Hilaire Belloc and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M. Léon Daudet will be, metaphorically, cast in our teeth by every sufficiently informed reader of the *Nation;* and how unjustly! The group represented by such writers is so vociferous, so wrong-headed, and still so small compared with the vast multitude which no man can number covered by the all-sufficing name of our Holy Mother, the Church. Here in America, we are, by our very size and many racial strains, not at all impressed by the concept of the Church as a *kultur,* but rather conscious of her as a universal religion. Here no Pole or Irishman, in spite of long centuries of persecution, would dream of uttering the "Europe-and-the-Faith" propaganda so dear to the heart of the "latinophiles." And here (I venture to add) no "Catholic" periodical would perform the somersault of *Action Française* which, after years of abusing everything German in the name of Latin culture, announced, through Daudet's apostolic lips, that "only Jews hate Germany any more." CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Stage & Screen

Eight O'Clock Tuesday

THIS is another mystery play, and not a funny one. It is by Robert Wallsten and Mignon G. Eberhart, and its novelty consists in starting with murder, and having it resolved by the detective reconstituting what happened in flash-backs, in which the corpse returns to life and plays his part. On the whole it makes an interesting and exciting evening. Probably a good deal of the interest, however, lies in the exceedingly skilful way it is played. First there is Pauline Lord, who once or twice touches genius, in the expressiveness of her voice and gesture; there is McKay Morris as the corpse, giving the finest performance he has given in years, which is praise indeed; there is Celeste Holm, who to this reviewer seemed the most beautiful young woman now playing in New York, as well as an unusually moving actress; there is Bramwell Fletcher as the detective, neat in action, if rather Scotland Yardish for an American suburban town; Cecil Humphries, distinguished in face and manner; Margaret Douglas, clean-cut as the suburban matron; and Philip Tonge, the perfect butler. And in addition Luther Greene's direction is admirable. Those who like mystery plays will find "Eight O'Clock Tuesday" their cup of tea. *(At Henry Miller's Theatre.)*

Arsenic and Old Lace

MURDER and insanity don't usually provide an evening of innocent merriment, but Joseph Kesselring with the assistance of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse has written a play in which two charming old ladies murder no less than twelve people and bury their bodies in the cellar, and yet which is the most hilariously funny play of the season, with the possible exception of "Charley's Aunt." In it Mr. Kesselring spoofs magnificently all murder plays, and Boris Karloff, appearing for the first time in New York in an acting play, spoofs himself. The doings in this old Brooklyn mansion beggar description. Besides the two old ladies, who put arsenic in their lodgers' tea to save them from old ages of loneliness, there is a man who thinks he is Teddy Roosevelt, a policeman who wants to be a playwright, a dramatic critic who dislikes the theatre, a crooked doctor who does plastic surgery on other crooks' faces, and of course Mr. Boris Karloff in person. Most of the people are mad, and those who are not act as if they were. And besides the corpses in the cellar, there is one in the window-seat—in fact there are two—and as the curtain falls we know there is to be another. And to put it all over there is a perfect cast, perfectly directed by Bretaigne Windust in a perfect setting by Raymond Sovey. The old ladies are played by Josephine Hull and Jean Adair, redolant of rosemary and old-fashioned charm. John Alexander is the man who thinks himself Teddy; Anthony Ross is the playwright-policeman; Allyn Joslyn, the dramatic critic and half of the love interest; Helen Brooks, the other half; Boris Karloff and Edgar Stehli, the outside menaces; and Henry Herbert, the lodger who escapes the arsenic. They all play superbly. "Arsenic and Old Lace" is funnier and madder than "You Can't Take It with You," and it has a better story. *(At the Fulton Theatre.)* GRENVILLE VERNON.

Men Must Work, and Women Must Weep—and Work

WHILE cinema's *"Kitty Foyle"* isn't exactly Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle," it is an interesting picture in its own right. The story and characterizations have been changed considerably, with the Illinois incidents omitted entirely and the observations of pert, hard, motherless, knowing-her-way-around Kitty toned down to meet the requirements of motion picture audiences. Although marriage and divorce are tossed about unnecessarily, Sam Wood's good direction of a perfectly selected cast and Dalton Trumbo's well written screenplay have resulted in unusual entertainment. The advertisements are correct in stating that Ginger Rogers *is* Kitty Foyle. This is certainly the finest performance of her career—so good, in fact, that one has difficulty in separating acting from reality as the girl relives the events that make her decide that marriage is more than "just a piece of paper." With charm and weakness, Dennis Morgan portrays the wealthy Philadelphia boy who hasn't the strength to break away from his socialite Main Line background and to face life with Kitty. James Craig is the solid, bluff, impecunious young doctor who loves Kitty regardless of her unshaken feeling toward Wyn. The minor parts are done simply and without exaggeration. Through good camera work and an intelligently maneuvered flashback technique, the story unfolds as Kitty reviews for herself what happened to this working girl who went on a sleigh ride through life. This first-person method requires Miss Rogers's appearance in practically every scene—a difficult assignment that she and Mr. Wood handle adroitly. Although the plot could have been improved by eliminating some of the sentimentality and by emphasizing more strongly the position of the white collar girl with her office trials, home conditions, "five-thirty feeling" and loneliness, the film still glows with the warmth of reality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollywood is doing its stint to help the Government's preparedness plans. Besides making shorts showing various phases of army and navy life, it is turning out features picturing its brightest stars in the service and liking it. In *"Flight Command"* one of the heroes proclaims, "The navy needs fliers in the new national defense program." Of course such statements don't necessarily make for a lively movie; in this case, the script is pretty bad. But Robert Taylor, as a junior pilot who is treated meanly by the snooty Hell Cats of Fighting Squadron 8, makes a handsome ensign whose thrilling adventures in the air might result in a rush to enlistment offices. Interesting shots of planes, flying formations, target practice, etc., will be particularly appreciated by air-minded people. Somewhat out of place in this forced story of fliers' camaraderie and *esprit de corps* are the poignant incidents centering around the unhappy married life of the commander and his wife. The sincere acting of Ruth Hussey and the subdued performance of Walter Pidgeon, contrasted with the stilted Mr. Taylor, make this sub-plot seem very moving. Frank Borzage directed.

The English film *"Convoy"* gets involved over a triangle love story too, but is concerned mainly with propaganda showing how brave are British seamen against the dastardly Germans. Clive Brook, John Clements and Edward Chapman struggle with the naïve screenplay under Pen Tennyson's direction. Some moments of humor manage to shine through all the patriotism; and a high pitch of dramatic excitement is reached in the sea action scenes that include fighting and chases. One ship learns too late the sad lesson of what happens to boats that don't join the convoy.

"Second Chorus" takes its title so seriously that it puts Fred Astaire in second place. Poor Fred doesn't have much of a chance in a light-weight story that gives him only two dance numbers—especially when Burgess Meredith, Paulette Goddard and Charles Butterworth are competing for first place. None of the cast is helped much by a talky script with lines that strain for laughs or by H. C. Potter's sluggish direction. Artie Shaw and his band play well the music written by Artie for this picture —but there isn't a great deal of that either. When I see Astaire in the films, I want to see a lot of his nimble feet doing the swell things they can do. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Even to Contempt of God

By WILFRID PARSONS

SOMETHING over fifteen hundred years ago, Augustine, Catholic Bishop of Hippo in Africa, put the finishing touches to a book which it had taken him thirteen years to write and which we now know under the title of "The City of God." In the month of November, 1940, there appeared a small book, endorsed by seventeen liberal signers, to which was given the suggestive title of "The City of Man." This latter-day work is written in a style no less brilliant than that of the great Latinist, and, as it happens, was designed to play no less a rôle than that played by Saint Augustine's great masterpiece.

A friend of mine, a professor, and not a Catholic, when I spoke to him about the book and attempted to discuss it with him, said to me: "Don't bother about it. It's a death rattle." This professor ranks as a liberal and so he ought to know. But I am not going to take his advice. If it is a death rattle, that is important. The Editor of THE COMMONWEAL writes to me that he looks on it as a "sign." That seems to be important, too, for death rattles are surely signs.

The Declaration and the Proposal that make up this book of 113 pages are concerned with four aspects of modern life: the political, the religious, the economic, the international. The signers declare their convictions about the ills of modernity and about the way to cure them; and they propose to set up four groups of experts to report on each of the four aspects before the end of the present war, "so as to make for prompt effect on action."

Religion important

The signers consider religion as at least as socially important as economics or politics, and maybe more so. Should those of us who look on religion as the deciding influence in man's activities feel flattered or encouraged at this new turn of events? The answer to this question must wait. Let us first examine the economic and sociological premisses of "The City of Man." I will construct a *catena* of these premisses, as much as possible in their own words, in the order in which they appear in the book.

The troubles of the modern world come from

> an education adrift in a relativity that doubted all values, and a degraded science that shirked the spiritual issues. . . . The unity of democracy . . . rests upon three principles. The first is universal participation in government. . . . This . . . is the foundation of law. The second principle emphasizes that the state is the agent of collective human principles, the servant of the common good. This . . . is the foundation of equality. The third principle, fundamental to the other two, establishes that a democratic community is a community of persons. . . . This is the foundation of justice. . . .
>
> A new foundation, then, must be laid for a new democracy—in the firm rock of conviction, deep below the moving sand of opinion. And the concept of a vital democracy must be dissociated from the notion of a disintegrated liberalism, which is a precursor of tyranny and a prey to it. There is, indeed, no liberty but one: the right, which is a duty, of making oneself and others free through absolute allegiance to the final goal of man. . . . Democracy, therefore, must be re-defined: no longer the conflicting concourse of uncontrolled individual impulses, but a harmony subordinated to a plan; no longer a dispersive atomism, but a purposive organism. . . . "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." These tenets and the Golden Rule and Paul's injunction, "Be ye members, one of another," comprise the sociology and the economics of democracy. . . .
>
> The brute force and wild frenzy of nazi-fascism are the mongrel products of a rugged individualism as carried to utmost efficiency in the anarchy of *laissez-faire* liberalism, in the exploitation of the masses by competitive capitalism, and of a degenerate socialism, . . . which substituted for the idea of justice the scheme of mass-regimentation, with its equality of servitude and its universality of deprivations. . . .
>
> The American dream . . . is not the dream of capitalism, which made of freedom the murderer of equality, nor of communism, which made of equality the strangler of freedom. . . . Man, recovering from his guilty blindness, must become aware at last that the problem of production, which was a problem of power, has been virtually superseded by the problem of dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tribution, which is a problem of justice. . . . Private property will be admitted as biologically inevitable and socially useful. . . .

The hour has struck when such "inflexible principles" [of which Lincoln spoke] must be precisely stated in a renovated law, beyond which freedom is felony. . . . Here, too, [in education] the problem is to preserve the advantages of unhampered opinion and research while preventing the freedom of learning from being used as a cover for the evildoings of the "historic relativism" and the "healthy skepticism" that have made our generations lose their way. . . .

The third issue points to the need of a profound economic reform outlining in detail the law of the common wealth, the era of distributive justice . . . the trend of a reformed democracy must be restrictive, tying the Bill of Rights to a Bill of Duties. . . . Evolution, not revolution, is the hope and will of creative democracy. . . . The pre-requisites for any world-structure that can be designed today are constitutional order, ethico-religious purpose, and economic justice.

Does all this sound like an echo and a paraphrase of Saint Thomas Aquinas, Leo XIII, Pius XI, Christopher Dawson, Jacques Maritain, John A. Ryan, the Pastoral of the American Hierarchy, and a dozen, or a thousand, articles in Catholic magazines? You may well say so. But wait and see.

In presenting this chain of passages from "The City of Man," I have merely unraveled several strands from a tightly woven cable. There is one red strand which runs all through "The City of Man" as it ran through "The City of God"—the strand of religion, of which I have made no mention.

For these seventeen signers have subscribed to a religion, make no doubt of it, a new religion, the religion of democracy, which is the religion of man, which is the religion of humanism. How far those who signed, but did not write, the Declaration, agreed with those who both wrote and signed, will forever, perhaps, remain a puzzle, until, perhaps, the signers come to realize what the declarers were up to—but that does not concern us here. It is a surprise, at least to this writer, that Herbert Agar, Christian Gauss, Reinhold Niebuhr, to name but three, should have signed, if they did not write. For note what follows.

Democracy a religion

The highest form of human existence is democracy, say the declarers, and democracy is a religion. It is not religion metaphorically, as one might speak of the "democratic faith." It is a religion with its God, its revelation, its moral code, its hierarchy, its universality. "It is the plenitude of heart-service to a highest religion embodying the essence of all higher religions." It takes all the best that the "higher" religions have to offer. "Democracy, in the catholicity of its language, interprets and justifies the separate creeds as its own vernaculars." It "is nothing more nor less than humanism in theocracy and rational theocracy in universal humanism."

Now just what "humanism in theocracy" means this writer has no way of knowing, but he does think that he knows what "rational theocracy in universal humanism" means. It is a theocracy—God-government—based on reason, not on faith; and the God is Man, universal humanism. In fact, this is explicitly stated. Expressly quoting and echoing by affinity Mussolini's famous dictum about the state, they declare: "Democracy teaches that everything must be within humanity, nothing against humanity, nothing outside humanity."

It is with no surprise, then, that we find that this new religion establishes what is the last end of man. Every religion must do that. "First of all, we reaffirm that the meaning and goal of human life, individual and collective, are progress and growth in intellect and action." So the goal of human life is progress. As if Hitler and Mussolini, whom these declarers hate and despise, did not say that very same thing. It is in the very name of progress that nazi-fascism and communism were launched. Do not the signers see that progress is merely movement in any direction forward, and that "forward" merely means the direction in which you happen to be facing?

I must confess that when I came upon those words early in the book a sort of cold apprehension began to creep over me. This sinister feeling deepened as I read. I found that there is to be a "dictatorship of humanity" as Lenin founded a dictatorship of the proletariat merely. I read in the Proposal that the group of experts entrusted with a report on religion must find "what limits are set by the religion of freedom, which is democracy, to the freedom of worship," and I remembered that earlier in the Declaration it was said that "no liberty can be granted to whosoever and whatsoever threaten the divine spirit in man and above man." And this spirit? "The Holy Ghost," of course, "in an interpretation suited to the modern mind." And then the inevitable and self-destroying quotation: "But the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men." (Do I recognize the accents of Rosenberg?)

Saint Augustine, fifteen hundred years ago, in the words which "The City of Man" must needs recall, characterized this same City as "love of self [man] even to contempt of God." Those who chose the title of this book cannot quarrel with my recalling this quotation. "Nothing outside humanity." It is a sort of mild shock, however, to learn that these humanists are, in the name of man, about to proscribe belief in God.

Not that I am particularly worried about God. But I am worried about man. In all the history of the world, every tyrant, every tyrannical movement, every group that was committed to set about the enslaving of man, began by talking about exalting man. Lenin exalted the class; Mussolini exalted the nation; Hitler exalted the race. This group exalts humanity. Is there no difference? None; except in the extent of the despotism contemplated. "Nothing outside humanity."

It gives one another spasm of cold apprehension when one learns that the United States of America is destined, in the minds of the declarers, to be the missionary and spearhead of the new religion of democracy. It is our constitutional separation of church and state, which "is and remains the base from which arises the supremacy of world-humanism and world-democracy—the catholicity of the common creed, which embraces and interprets every lesser faith." "The man who is only an American is not yet an American. But all those are Americans [excommunication!] who pledge their lives, their fortunes and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their sacred honor to the creed of universal democracy." Hence the heresy of nationalism must be conquered. "Universal peace can be founded only on the unity of man under one law and one government." This will be brought about by the United States. Imperialism? No; "Imperium." That, we are told, is different—a different word, anyway. At this point, one of my students in a seminar in which this book was being discussed, exclaimed: "If only Chesterton was alive!" Chesterton is dead, worse luck, for only he could do justice to this book which its signers hope, and perhaps not without some justice, will crystallize modern thought.

Meanwhile, how does the Catholic Church fare at the hands of the new humanists? Not very well, it must be confessed, in spite of two or three names among the signers which might have augured otherwise. One can pass over the actual strictures decreed upon the Church as having been dictated by an imperfect knowledge of full Catholic doctrine. Two passages, however, put in juxtaposition, are significant. In one, the Church is said to be "tempted to make peace with tyranny and come to terms with fascism." In another, we are told that the committee of experts will determine "whether other elements, conversely, are by their nature and content so committed to the support of fascism and other autocratic philosophies, or at least ambiguous, as to become a source of additional danger in the hour of peril." The intolerant democratic religion of humanism will no doubt take care of that danger. "Nothing outside humanity."

One might end by pointing out one or two contradictions in the newest humanistic manifesto which may help to a further prognosis of its probable outcome. Separation of church and state will, according to it, remain a settled policy, and religions which come to terms with or present norms of politics are taboo. The religion of humanism is apparently to be the only exception to this rule, for it is not only to be in union with politics, it is politics. Whenever that identification has taken place, of course, there is no room for any other religion.

Then, human freedom is to be the object and ideal of this religious state—not the freedom of the individual person, however, as is obvious, but the freedom of the "dictatorship of humanity." Freedom is impossible for the individual when there is nothing outside humanity. The only possible condition of human freedom is that there be a source of human rights originating outside humanity and not subject to the dictation of any human authority. But here we are to be delivered from fascism and communism only to be handed over to a broader and rival totalitarianism.

In conclusion, may I point out the newest technique of propaganda, brought to its exquisite perfection in modern Germany? It is that when you wish to make a revolution to destroy any existing institution, you must begin by calling your movement by the name of that institution. If you would destroy freedom, you call yours a movement for freedom. If you would destroy democracy, your movement is democratic. If you would destroy religion, the last perfect instrument for attempting that impossible task will call itself religion.

More Books of the Week

Cobbett Plus Dickens

Fame Is the Spur. Howard Spring. Viking. $2.75.

MR. HOWARD SPRING has managed to get away from the artificiality and the somewhat assertive erudition of his characters in "My Son, My Son"; in the present work, he has written a great novel. Perhaps this is because he believes so intensely in what his book has to say. Characters, plot and method are here bound up and unified by the drive of his pity for England's deprived and by the strength of his wrath against such adventurers as Hamer Shawcross, his protagonist.

As a boy in the Manchester slums, young Hamer Shawcross has been habituated to the English version of the so-called "class struggle." His most prized possession is a dragoon's sword, wrested from the hand of a charging cavalryman at the celebrated massacre of Peterloo, when the mill-hands and their families, assembling in an orderly manner, were ridden down and slain in the streets because a handful of the new-rich were nervous and could not trust their own countrymen. To Hamer, the sword was given as a symbol of his dedication to the cause of the English laboring man. The boy reads widely and deeply, works hard, exercises his body, travels, returns to England and marches from success to success until the end of the book finds him a great man, a viscount, a connoisseur of art and letters, completely forgetful of his early dedication and cynical of human aspirations. One of the most artistic turns of this book is the irony that everything Shawcross accomplishes he does so by means of the sacrifices of others: his mother, his stepfather, the lay-preacher, his friend Arnold Ryerson, the old Manchester book-seller who left him the money to travel. Shawcross is that worst of ingrates, the laboring man who lunges to the top on the heaving shoulders of his own kind, amid their applause, only to desert and despise them in the end. Yet, this Shawcross is no melodramatic villain; he is believable from beginning to end.

Two great shadows brood over this book. The anger and the social doctrine are the shadow of Cobbett; the art and the understanding pity are the shadow of Dickens. This is not to imply that Mr. Spring's book is derivative. The early chapters of Shawcross's boyhood in Broadbent Street, the purely pictorial character of the writing, the full rounding of even the minor characters is the work of an original artist with language, but, at the same time, an artist who has read "Hard Times" and "Our Mutual Friend." Similarly, the doctrinal basis of the book could have been acquired of any Labor Party spokesman from the 1870's to the present day, but it originates in Cobbett.

One of the great virtues of "Fame Is the Spur," and a quality which sets the work above the efforts of such coterie artists as Ernest Hemingway, is its entire freedom from artiness and from writer-participation. It is easy to see where Mr. Spring's sympathies lie, but there is no dummy character, no Robert Jordan, to "stand-in," as Hollywood has it, and mouth the sentiments of the author. Its objectivity is complete. When one thinks what some of our American proletarians, particularly the writer kind who have their flannel shirts cut to measure, would have made out of Mr. Spring's material, one is grateful for the austerity of Mr. Spring. Again, these English workmen of his can think as well as feel. There are no arty,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inarticulate peasants, such as exist only in the minds of Messrs. Hemingway and Steinbeck, creatures of vague and transient impulse, who break into prose-poetry under stress. Mr. Spring's characters are real men and women whose reactions are based on thought and experience. It is for this reason we feel for and understand them; we are moved by their condition and we are sorry for their mistakes and for their disappointment. That great poem of Gilbert Chesterton's, "The Secret People," expresses the mood and the message of this book. J. G. E. HOPKINS.

BIOGRAPHY

Noble Fellow: William Starling Sullivan. Andrew D. Rodgers III. Putnam. $3.50.

THIS BOOK tells the story of W. S. Sullivant from the boyhood of his father to the end of his own life. It would doubtless never have been written had not Sullivant at about thirty years of age turned his interest to botany as an amateur. He, like many another non-professional naturalist of the past century, carried such sincerity, independence and originality into his work that his sound publications afford a permanent memorial. For this reason botanists, especially bryologists, should not miss his biography.

Had Sullivant never been connected with mosses beyond having trod upon them, this book could still well have been written. True, it gives no panorama of early America, but its direct and authenticated story of the lives of a few families, their relationship to the coastal region and their settlement of Ohio, makes it *must* reading for those interested in our history.

It is well for Sullivant's biography to be written at this particular time. His life, here fully portrayed, gives an excellent picture of the scientist of the early nineteenth century who strove after truth for truth's sake alone, irrespective of its exchangeability for gold. Lifting an amateur enthusiast out of that past and setting him down before our eyes today places him against a background of great contrast—a scientific world on a production basis, dominated by academic scientists and professional research workers whose products must be saleable.

J. MCA. KATER.

Some Letters from Livingstone. Edited by David Chamberlin. Oxford. $4.00.

FROM letters taken from the Archives of the London Missionary Society, and others sent in upon request, the character of Livingstone, up to the final break with the Society, is traced by one well competent to deal with such matters, David Chamberlin, Chief Archivist of the Society.

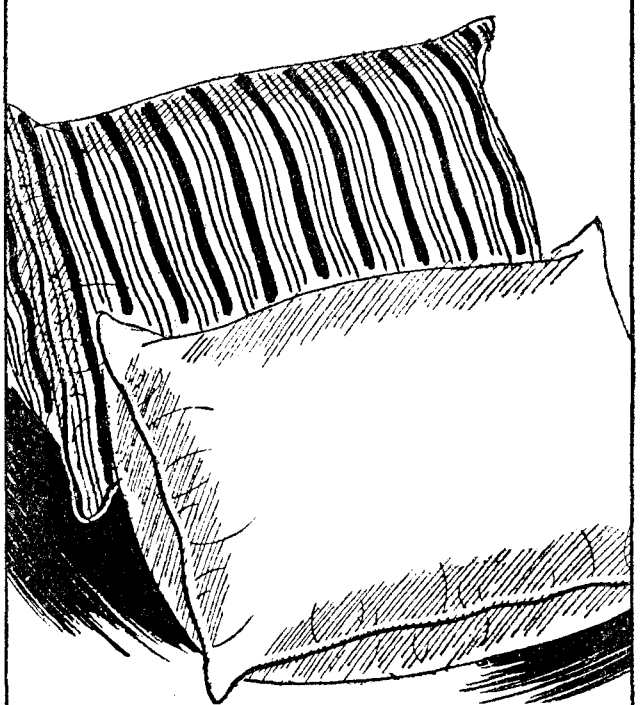
And in this accomplishment he is well backed by Reginald Coupland in an introduction where one gets a splendid bird's eye view of the great explorer and one time missionary, from the time he first landed in Africa to his final victory, that of abolishing the slave trade in the black continent. In this compact rendering of the life of Livingstone, Mr. Coupland has given the reader also a key to the understanding of the inner man.

Originally the Missionary Society had told him to go north to establish a mission in Bechuanaland, and so one might say it had abetted Livingstone in his mission to be. As soon as he saw the actual slave trade, his whole attention was diverted from the simple missionary life of converting those around him to the larger one of freeing Africa from slavery. This he says in his letters was to be

B. ALTMAN & CO.

our midwinter sale values

fine bed pillows



2 great buys in bed pillows . . .

white European goose down pillow. Lustrous sateen cover; interlined. Corded. Peach, blue, white. 21 x 27 inches. Regularly 8.50. now **6.50**

30% white goose down, 70% white goose feather filling. Full size, firmly filled. Tan, blue, green stripes. 21 x 27 in. Value 4.95. now **3.95**

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done by opening it up to civilized trade in cloth, beads and other things the natives told him they would gladly take for ivory instead of giving slaves.

In his letters he speaks of converting this one and that one and having no room to discuss or relate what the country, climate and life in general had to offer. But gradually a change came over the letters, for when he came in contact with natives who had next to no knowledge of the white man except in the slave trade, he knew he must go on to open up the whole dark continent to the saving of souls and the killing of the slave trade.

PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

Cardinal Hayes, One of Ourselves. John Bernard Kelly. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

FATHER KELLY has written a eulogistic appreciation of our late Cardinal. Almost lyrically he portrays his subject's continuing wonder and delight in his priesthood. As priest, monsignor, auxiliary-bishop, chaplain-bishop, archbishop and cardinal, his greatest joy was his sacramentally conferred power to call Christ from Heaven to the altar with the words of consecration in the Mass. But the whole structure of the book is reared upon an irreducible minimum of fact, and when one considers the period in which Patrick Joseph Hayes lived, one feels justified in demanding that his biography should be more than an assurance of his undoubted personal sanctity. The evolution of Catholicity from mission status to a mighty American Church, the growth of Catholic educational facilities, the spread of social consciousness within the Church as it emerged from the struggle merely to exist and provide parochial facilities for its members, and, perhaps less important, but casting an ominous shadow, the political scandals that rocked New York in the later days of his episcopate, with the dismayingly high proportion of Catholics among those disgraced—all these things and the Cardinal's relation to or opinion on them are simply omitted by Father Kelly. From his long association with our late beloved Archbishop, he must be in a position to know far more about him than he has revealed in this book. Perhaps the author feels that it is too early for a definitive biography. If so, then we must question the sincerity of the publishers in bringing out this book as a "biography" rather than an "appreciation."

RITA DAVIS SYLVESTER.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Fifth Column in America. Harold Lavine. Doubleday. $2.50.

HERE we have a very interesting book which, from one point of view, and for all its shortcomings, is recommended to the general public as a provocative treatment of what kind of active and unscrupulous work is being done by enemies in our midst. It is the author's thesis that the real danger to American institutions from the so-called fifth column lies not in imported nazis and communists, but in the indigenous anti-democratic tendencies which have long existed in this country and which flourish peculiarly in times like these. The Communist party, the Bund, and the Italian and other foreign organizations are covered here, as well as such home-grown movements as the Christian Front, the Christian Mobilizers, the Knights of the White Camellia, the new Ku Klux Klan, and such personalities as Father Coughlin, Joseph E. McWilliams, General Van Horn Mosely, and the like. Lavine's accomplishment lies especially in Chapter I, "This is the Problem," which is one of the best analyses known to the reviewer of "fifth column" techniques.

From a scholarly point of view, several definite objections can be raised against Lavine's treatment. In the first place, in his efforts to be an interesting writer, Lavine makes several "too clever" statements which, in rebound, are neither "clever" nor factual, such as: "There are some nineteen thousand policemen in New York. Perhaps twelve thousand of them are Irish Catholics. If the police cracked down on the members of the Christian Front the disorders would stop. The police don't, because the members of the Christian Front are Catholics too." (p. 99). Then, Lavine's treatment affords an interesting illustration not only of the need of defining terms but also of the range which inquiry and discussion may take when the definition cannot be, or at least is not, precise. Is every anti-Semite a "fifth-columnist"? Or are twelve thousand Irish Catholic policemen of New York City dangerous to us because they are Catholics and because they don't crack down on the Christian Front? That the problem of precise definition worries Lavine is evident from the introductory chapter. Like all other specialists who have been giving us a growing library on this problem of belligerent minorities, he has been unable to devise a satisfactory formula for dividing "dissenters" from "fifth columnists" and for imposing legitimate restraints on anti-democratic movements without falling into the pragmatic ways of totalitarianism. For that reason the problem must be clarified by additional theoretical work as well as by concrete case studies. Lavine's experimental work is valuable, interesting and worth an evening's reading. Despite occasional inaptitude it is an exciting introduction to the field.

J. S. ROUCEK.

Matching Youth and Jobs. Howard M. Bell. American Council on Education. $2.00.

TWENTY YEARS ago we small boys wanted to be cops or cowboys or firemen. Now every other boy wants to be an airline pilot, and half the girls dream of being airline hostesses. It must be discouraging for those who cling to their dreams when they finally discover that there are jobs for only 1,500 airline pilots and 500 hostesses in the whole country. But America is a land that has always insisted on fostering foolish dreams and hopeless ambitions in its young. Four or five times the number that make the grade eat their hearts out wanting to go to college and be professionals or executives. And conversely, plenty are floundering around in college or business office, cheating the world out of first-rate truckdrivers and ditchdiggers.

Meanwhile our towns and high schools suffer from a dearth of trained teachers and agents who might find out what kind of job Johnny Jones is best fitted for, might give him some basic training for that kind of job, and might finally see that he knows where to go to get it. All this, wrapped up in academic verbiage and garnished with some nice pictures, is the subject matter of "Matching Youth and Jobs" written by Howard M. Bell for the American Youth Commission (Chairman: Owen D. Young). Despite the heavy going it should be read by all who have a special interest in the problem, which is a very real problem and will remain one even after we have found jobs for the 4,000,000 young people who are unemployed today.

JOHN C. CORT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

Walt Disney's Fantasia. Deems Taylor. S. & S. $3.75.

WALT DISNEY'S daring experimental film, "Fantasia," opened in New York in November, and created more comment and controversy than any other picture of the year. While music critics were cool and doubtful, most of the movie critics shouted their praises. Other opinions varied from "masterpiece" to Dorothy Thompson's hysterically ridiculous "geniuses destroying genius," "nazi," "the brutalization of sensibility in this remarkable nightmare."

Now Deems Taylor, narrator in the film, appears with a book on "Fantasia." He relates how the original idea of starring Mickey Mouse as "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" grew to be this full-length animated cartoon in which the art of color and form in motion was synchronized with the music of eight different composers. This is supposed to be the first Disney book for adults, but "adults" should be defined. The book is really a series of program notes on program notes, for Mr. Taylor does little more than retell the stories that are told so much better in the film itself. Beautifully illustrated with colored pictures from the film, with extra sketches and line drawings of the characters, and with musical phrases used decoratively, it makes an excellent souvenir of the Disney opus. For those who are waiting impatiently to see "Fantasia" (and it will be several years before all the 70-odd scheduled cities have that pleasure), this book will serve to give a more complete description than the reviews have done. I wish, however, that Mr. Taylor had waited and had used this opportunity to answer the caviling fault-finders of the Stokowski-Disney venture.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

RELIGION

The New Testament; a New Translation from the Original Greek by Very Reverend F. A. Spencer, O.P. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE RE-EDITION of Father Spencer's translation of the New Testament from the original Greek, which in mss. form had been reposing for years in the archives of his Dominican brethren, shows that the first edition of 1937 won approval and created a demand. This 1940 edition, of some 700 octavo pages bound in cloth, is a very practical volume. It is good to have a concise introduction and a brief schema at the opening of each Book, and the division of the text into parts and sections helps the eye to gather at a glance and the mind to grasp the successive topics and incidents of the contents. Old Testament quotations are in small caps and Our Lord's words in italics. At the foot of the page brief explanatory notes are given, and at the end of the book are indices of chronology, of subjects for meditation, and of names and subjects. Two maps are appended. The diction is fresh and readable and not extravagantly different from that of the older translations. A note of sincerity and simplicity characterizes it. What an inspiration this edition will give to many a Catholic who thought he already knew his New Testament! This fruitage of long studies should bear more and more fruit in those who shall here find Holy Scripture at last agreeably arranged and printed. We congratulate the editors, Fathers Callan and McHugh, on putting out so cheaply such a usuable edition.

RICHARD FLOWER.

COLLEGES—WOMEN

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York
Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary
Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical. Athletics.
Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City
Paris, France Rome, Italy
Address Secretary
MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS
Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York
Fifth Ave. & 84th Street, New York City
Address Rev. Mother

ROSEMONT COLLEGE
ROSEMONT, PA.
Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.
Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Science.
For resident and non-resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.
Fully accredited *Junior Year Abroad*
Telephone Bryn Mawr 14
Address REGISTRAR

SETON HILL COLLEGE
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
Degrees: B.A., B.Music, B.S. in Home Economics
Pre-Professional Training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher Education.
Fourteen Major Departments Honors Courses
Accredited by The Association of American Universities
Holds national membership in
The American Association of University Women
Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States.

COLLEGE OF
NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND
North Charles Street
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages.
For Information Address the Registrar.

ROSARY COLLEGE
River Forest, Suburb of Chicago
A Catholic College for Women
Conducted by the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa, Wis.
Accredited by the Association of American Universities.
Offers Courses in Modern Gaelic.
Junior Year may be spent abroad in Fribourg, Switzerland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS—BOYS

THE NEWMAN SCHOOL
FOR BOYS
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
FORTY-FIRST YEAR

Conducted by distinguished Catholic laymen . . . Faculty composed of Catholic laymen with resident chaplain . . . Seven years' course . . . Upper and lower school . . . Prepares for leading colleges and universities . . . Modern buildings, equipment and complete athletic facilities.

One Hundred Seventy Acre Campus Situated in the Healthful Pine Belt of New Jersey.

Sixty miles from New York and Philadelphia

For further information apply to THE REGISTRAR

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School
Conducted by Catholic Laymen

The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron—Six Years' Course. College Board Examinations. Complete Modern Equipment. Twenty sixth year. Eighty miles from New York.

Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster
NEW MILFORD - CONNECTICUT

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL
Portsmouth, Rhode Island
(on Narragansett Bay, 8 Miles North of Newport)

Conducted by Benedictine Monks assisted by lay masters

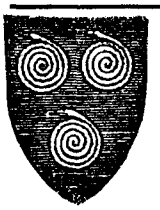
Six years course. College preparatory.
120 acres. Every facility for sport and athletics.

The Monks of this Congregation conduct Downside and Ampleforth schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland. Catalogue sent on request.

For further information apply to THE SECRETARY.

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.



Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery

Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches

Old Embroidery Transferred

147 EAST 47th ST. • NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-1058

BETHANY HOUSE
(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)
DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass
Sr. Director, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Tel. No. Ossining 1452
REASONABLE RATES

The Inner Forum

CATHOLIC SEES in the West Indies go back to the early sixteenth century. In 1511 sees were established in Hispaniola and Puerto Rico; seven years later a see was erected in Cuba. Today two-thirds of the many islands' population of 12,000,0000 are Catholics. Curiously enough the Negro in the West Indies also accounts for two-thirds of the population.

Puerto Rico is the largest of the islands belonging to the United States. Except for Belgium, China and Martinique, it is the most densely populated country in the world. Its population of over 1,700,000, of whom 90 percent are Catholics, averages 508 to the square mile. Among the religious orders laboring there are Augustinian Recollects, Capuchins, Claretians, Holy Ghost Fathers, Marists, Redemptorists and Vincentians from various parts of this country, together with Dominicans from Holland and Mercy Fathers from Spain. According to *Catholic Missions,* "A numerous native clergy is a great need on the island." The three Virgin Islands, which have been US territory only since 1917, have a population of 22,000, 95 percent of them Negro. Redemptorists from Baltimore minister to the 6,000 Catholics there.

Independent Cuba, the largest of the West Indies, has a population of 3,775,000, 89 percent Catholic. It is no longer considered a mission land. Haiti and San Domingo (the island of Hispaniola) is believed to be the scene of the first Mass in the New World. A Franciscan, Juan Perez, was the celebrant December 8, 1493, and the place was called Point Conception. The Haitian population of 2,500,000 is completely Negro and all are at least nominal Catholics. San Domingo has a population of 1,400,000.

The proportion of Catholics in the British West Indies is much lower than that of the other islands in the Caribbean—360,000 out of 1,792,000. The proportion is highest in Dominica, St. Lucia and Trinidad, which were formerly French or Spanish, lowest in Jamaica, where Catholics comprise only 50,000 out of a total of 916,000, and Barbados where they barely number 1,400 out of 200,000.

The French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique are almost entirely Catholic thanks to centuries of missionary labor on the part of Capuchins, Dominicans, Holy Ghost Fathers and Jesuits. Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies is almost entirely Catholic, since the original Dutch Calvinists who governed the islands permitted Catholic missionaries in order that the slaves should be of a different religion from their masters.

CONTRIBUTORS

Donald ATTWATER is the author of many books and also for many years an intimate friend of Eric Gill.
Vivian T. VOGT is a poet living in Cambridge, Mass.
C. Edward WOLF is a farmer and writer on farm questions.
Rev. Wilfrid PARSONS, S.J., is at present teaching at the Catholic University; was formerly editor of *America.*
J. G. E. HOPKINS writes short stories.
I. McA. KATER teaches natural science at Fordham.
Philip H. WILLIAMS plants trees in Connecticut.
Rita Davis SYLVESTER lives in Pennsylvania.
J. G. ROUCEK teaches at Hofstra College.
John C. CORT is writing a novel.
Rev. Richard FLOWER, O.S.B., is a monk of Portsmouth Priory, R. I.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED